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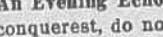
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MONDAY, MAY 25, 1914.

An Evening Echo.

If thou conquerest, do not exult too openly; nor, if thou art conquered, bewail thy fate.—HORACE.

If Great Britain's efforts to suppress the militant suffraget outrages at home were half as effective as its influence at Washington in determining the policy of the United States upon a domestic question like Panama canal tolls, those outrages would have been suppressed long ago. British militant suffragets seem to show a fearlessness not yet in evidence in Washington.

Lincoln's Assertion Recalled.

The balance of trade for the month of April was more than ten million dollars against the United States, while for the same month last year it was more than fifty-three million dollars in favor of the United States, according to governmental figures. This appears to emphasize Abraham Lincoln's famous tariff declaration as follows:

"I do not know much about the tariff, but I know this much, when we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy the manufactured goods at home we get both the goods and the money."

We certainly got the foreign goods in the month just passed but the foreign countries got our money.

This means that we made less goods at home in April this year than in April last year, and that naturally means that Americans had less work to do and consequently less money to send abroad for goods. At that rate the time is coming when we will have no money to buy goods with and then it will be that we will not be able to get goods even from abroad.

A Sinister Love.

Everybody remembers the superior citizen, who was too good for the Republican party in the old days when it was battling for human rights and national honor. As an exchange accurately recalls, he simply could not bear it. While the common people swarmed joyously under its standard, the fine haired mugwump reviled his soul at the crass vulgarity discovered in the mass of patriotism and prosperity.

He was seared at the thought of a strong and efficient federal government, at an army that could fight and warships that might sweep the seas. He could not bear the noise of drums and guns, he abominated pensions as nefarious subsidies to valor. Especially he shrank in dismay at any step that seemed to point toward American ships in foreign trade, American goods in the home market, American sentiments in the pulpit or the press, American influence among the great powers of the earth.

Most of all, he stood aghast at hero-worship when concerned with Republican leaders. We can all remember he trembled at the imperial ambition of Grant, the sinister purposes of McKinley, the ominous vicegerency of Taft. He could not stand the tyranny of Tom Reed or the subtle diplomacies of Blaine any more than his prototype could endure the funny stories and buccolic jokes of Lincoln. He felt it his duty to stand by the road and watch the race of men go by with a sneer on his intellectual face and a frown in his studiously modulated voice.

This is the same sweet soul that is now pouring out incense at the shrine of the Republican party. When the Aldrich and Cannon oligarchy, which the superior citizen had from time immemorial condemned, had driven the red-blooded masses out of the Republican party, the superior citizen reversed himself. He fell into rhapsodies over sainted heroes like Grant and McKinley, and discovered all at once, that Taft, instead of being a dangerous exponent of virility, was an exemplary scholar, statesman and philosopher.

Glorious in achievement, hallowed in history, the Republican party deserves a better fate in the hours of adversity than that these hate and owls of the political forest, who be-smear it in its prime, should stand around and apotheosize it now. Like ill-visaged gossips weeping over the virtues of a departed one whom in life they never ceased to calumniate. But the hostility of this sinister species is the price that every one and every thing must pay that leads a great

cause to popular enthusiasm and to success. Unable to achieve anything themselves, they jealously grudge the credit of achievement to any one else. Even President Wilson, if he has good luck, may become so great and popular as to see them turn upon him in scorn and empty upon his devoted head the ink-vials of their wrath.

The State Convention.

In many respects the Republican state convention held in Charleston Wednesday of last week was the greatest state meet ever held in the history of the party. Notwithstanding there was nothing for this convention to do except ratify the work of the Republican national committee, performed in its December session at Washington, D. C., more than 800 delegates from all the counties of the state were present. They were not only present, but they were enthusiastically present. From the very opening until the closing of the great meet the best feeling prevailed, and when one steps to consider the fact that every delegate to this convention paid his own expenses, that there were no candidates to be nominated whose campaign funds provided for expenses to a state convention, the meeting was much along the line of remarkable.

Members of opposition parties were hoping that the convention would prove a "frost." They were praying that it would—or making as close to prayers as they ever get in campaign times. The Charleston organ of the Democracy said on the morning of the convention that the Republican corpse would have its funeral that day. And it turned out to be the liveliest kind of a wedding day. Republican principle was wedded to Republican determination to worst the old arch enemy Democracy in November, and that made the Gazette about as sick as anything would make it along about now.

When the Republican opposition viewed the convention hall at 1:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon—and from that time on until 11 o'clock that night, with but a brief recess for dinner—the opposition could not but perceive the handwriting standing out boldly on the wall. West Virginia Republicans had assembled to do things—and they did them. They ratified, without a dissenting vote, the action of the national committee, reducing representation in national conventions of the southern tier of states. They adopted ringing resolutions re-affirming the Huntington platform. They pledged anew, and very unmistakably as was proved, their determination to give the people of West Virginia a state-wide primary election law, by and through which all candidates for office, all committeemen, including district committeemen, and all the party machinery of the several political parties doing business in this commonwealth, shall be selected by the direct vote of the people. They very decisively squelched any attempt upon the primary election pledge.

They endorsed the source of the Republican members of Congress from this state; they evidenced an abiding faith in Governor Hatfield and all other officials of the present state administration. They condemned the shift Panama tolls policy of the Wilson administration, and accorded to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan deserved ridicule for the lack of a Mexican policy. They put a brand new plank in the Republican state platform by declaring for the submission of proposed constitutional amendments to the vote of the people whenever a reasonable number of people shall ask the privilege. They expressed the determination to stand by the voice of the people in the prohibition amendment and to do everything possible as a party for the enforcement of the new law.

All this, and more, the assembled convention did. And, finally, it impressed upon the people of West Virginia the fact that the Republican party is not dead, but rather that it is very much awake, that it has taken on a new lease of life, that the old-time battle spirit is in evidence, and that the present activity spells doom for Democracy the coming November. The delegates to this convention without exception went away well pleased with what had been accomplished in so brief a time, and impressed with the fact that there has been a grand rally back to Republicanism and the Republican party, and that worthy candidates for office will this fall have the united support of a practically solid party which has recovered in a wonderful manner from the inside made upon it by the assault of both friend and enemy during the past few years. This state convention, testing as it did the party patriotism of strong men from every county of the state, has done more to solidify Republican ranks and to amalgamate Republican interests with the interests of Progressives than has any other planned or accidental event since 1910.

The State Committee.

Twenty-six members of the state committee attended the meeting held at Charleston during the morning hours of convention day there May 20. The meeting was harmonious throughout. New members of the committee were elected as follows: Joseph H. McDermott of Monongalia county, to succeed Dr. H. Courtney, resigned; Col. Fred Paul Grosscup of Kanawha county, to succeed Hon. J. W. Dawson who is now allied with the Progressives. The Republicans of Kanawha county are well pleased with the election of Col. Grosscup for committee-man, as he is one of the county's strongest and most self-sacrificing Republicans, giving freely of his time and means to every campaign of no matter what proportions or importance. The committee adopted a resolution stating its intention of nominating a congressman at large, should there be not more than one candidate for the nomination on or before June

15 next, this, as will be seen, doing away with the necessity of a second state convention for the nomination for this one state-wide office. Many hundreds of delegates to the convention were extremely anxious to nominate the congressman-at-large at that convention but desisted only because of discontent such action might arouse in the hearts and minds of those members of the party who are on the lookout for cause of discontent. In all probability Congressman-at-large Sutherland will have no opposition, but should he have, primary elections will be held throughout the state in order that a selection may be made.

Many delegates remained over for a day or so after the convention, which was spent with friends in the city or in hotels, and during which time they visited all the departments of state renewing acquaintances with the state officials and their assistants and discussing political situations throughout the state generally. There is a very cheerful and encouraged feeling among all the Republicans, as evidenced by the good words heard on all sides following Wednesday's convention.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

Nobody. Of course Howard Sutherland will be put on the Republican ticket and reelected. Who wants it otherwise? Nobody.—Parkersburg State Journal.

Must Have. The press reports state that the advance of Villa on Saltillo has been delayed. Probably the moving picture machine has gotten out of fix.—Bluefield Telegraph.

Will Huerta Eliminate Him? Juan Barleycorn, that prominent Mexican, is said to be plotting the elimination of Huerta.—Wheeling News.

Quit What? Huerta, according to press dispatches of the week, is ready to quit. Don't know what he is going to quit. Mexico surely didn't go dry, too?—Freston News.

History Repeats. In Noah's time, it was very wet for forty days and nights and then the flood subsided. West Virginia is now facing the same situation, which just goes to show that history repeats itself.—Wheeling News.

Good Explanation. That Chicago professor who made the statement that there is no flirting in Sweden, unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less convincingly, explained the cause of the large proportion of Swedes who emigrate to this country.—Bluefield Telegraph.

Mortal Offense.

Of course, Clarksburg Telegram. Col. McGraw feels the shabby treatment accorded him at Washington. Still he is only suffering the common fate of those who supported Woodrow Wilson for President, particularly in West Virginia, in being ignored and trampled on. He should have known he was committing a mortal offense by "gallantly fighting" for the New Jersey Governor.—Parkersburg State Journal.

Work the Dirt Roads.

The suggestion has been made in certain quarters that the efforts of the volunteers on the good roads next week should be concentrated on the building of a short stretch of permanent highway in each county in the neighborhood of each city. There may be a few communities in the state so situated as to undertake such an enterprise to good advantage, but the people of the state will be better served if most of the force of volunteers is kept at work putting the dirt roads into good condition.—Morgantown Post-Chronicle.

Coming Events in Clarksburg

Tuesday, May 26—Reception, given by Junior class of high school to senior class, high school building. Wednesday, May 27—Class day exercises, class of 1914, afternoon, Central school building. Thursday, May 28—Dance given by Owls in their hall on Second street. Saturday, May 30—Baseball, Fairmont vs. Clarksburg, afternoon, Union Park. Sunday, May 31—Baseball, Connelville vs. Clarksburg, Union Park. Thursday, June 4—"Mrs. Bumpstead-Light," Robinson Grand theater. Wednesday, June 10—Banquet, Merchants' Protective Association, Waldo hotel. Thursday, June 11—Baseball game, Ohio Wesleyan vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Union Park. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 21, 22, 23—"The Inside of the White Slave Traffic," motion pictures, Robinson Grand theater.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE REASON WHY.

It wasn't what was on That made the people stare. And made them shriek with fun; It was what wasn't there.

They walked on a little further. "This straw hat looks funny, I

know it!" he burst out again. "I oughtn't to have bought such a high one. Look, everybody's turning around looking."

"Nonsense, Quebeb!" she assured him. "You imagine it. There's nothing in the world about that hat that would make people turn to look. It's a beautiful hat."

They walked on a little further. "There!" he cried suddenly. "That little fat man and the blonde—didn't you see them turn around and stare? The hat's funny looking, I tell you!" "And I tell you it's perfectly all right," she insisted. "I wouldn't turn around to look at it if I saw it on the street, so why should anybody else?"

"It's got such a high crown—eight inches, the man told me," he said feebly. "There—, did you see that messenger boy?" "Quebeb," she said impatiently, "you're over-sensitive. If they're really looking at it, must be because I meant to tell you when we first came out. It must be because you've forgotten to put anything on over your—your undershirt."

Blushing furiously, he ran back after his shirt, and vest and coat.

"If's got such a high crown—eight inches, the man told me," he said feebly. "There—, did you see that messenger boy?"

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